

AN OXFORD ELEGIE,

ΕΚ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ ΑΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ.

*Or a Fallacy put upon Death by our most Gracious Prince and Sovereign, OLIVER
LORD PROTECTOR of England, Scotland, and Ireland,
and the Dominions belonging thereunto.*

Serius in celos utinam rediisset.

Mid'st such Sorrow, what pen can be dry?
And drop no tear into an *Elegy*:
He that abstains through Numming winter's smart,
May know his Inck's not frozen, but his heart,
Were paper wanting, Press, and such supplies,
I'd publish forth my grief in sobs and sighs.
Weep, weep, my friends, and seeing a Cloud is hurl'd,
To Muffle up with night our Brittish world:
Let's open wide the Sluces, drench our brain,
And prove that this our Cloud is full of rain.
His Highness now lyes under *Sagittarius*,
And shall not we sit under moist *Aquarius*?
If that our Spring fails with the watry store,
Let's drop two eyes, instead of two tears more.
The glittering light of Heaven, the Sun,
Hath put his Mourning Cloke, and dark Suit on:
With Fogs and Mists Invelloping his Rayes,
And drowning, ever since our Nights and Days,
With rainy weepings, Heaven doth Simpathize,
The Sun close mourner keeps within the skies:
All Creatures seem to say for such a loss,
For ever *England's* Arms may bear the Cross.
And whereas it hath Argent been till now,
Hence forth convert it to a Sable Hue.
In Naturalls, and Politicks we read,
What danger 'tis, to Chop and Change the Head:
When once our Head, begins to ake or swim,
We find decays and waits in every limb:
In such a juncture all our body stands,
The Crown gives vrrtue to both leggs and hands,
So he through every Vain of th' Common-wealth,
Glided along, and temper'd it to health.
As generall head he influenc'd our hands
To Fight and Conquer at his own Commands:
As for his enemies, his Noble Blood,
So influenc'd their Heels, they never stood.
The *Scotish* Rout, and *Dunbarr's* famous Fight,
Wherein there was no Colour left for Flight:
Witness the Terror carryed in his Name,
Whil'st they for fear made use for wings of Fame.
Me thinks I read in every Flag a Verse,
Which all the letters of his name Reherse.
Those *Mottoes* which exprest his steely breath,
Turn now to *Epitaph's* and speak his death.
Seeing he, our life is dead, then let's dye all,
To make our Prince, a greater Funerall.
What greater grief, What more lamented Urne?
Then that where Prince and people jointly burn:
Gather his Ashes, gather all his Train,

No less a Grave will serve, then *England's* plain.
Sure *Oliver* that dyed in every place,
Cannot Intombed be in ten foot space.
If that be true, that dying men stretch out,
Sure he by now, the World Surrounds about.
What though his *Body* here, contracted lyes,
The Greatness of his *Soul* fills up the Skies.
His *Royall Burden* would weigh down the Sphear,
Had He not left his *Son* an Atlas here.
If *Hercules* made Heaven's Supporter groan,
Sure *Cromwell's* weight will quickly press it down:
Shoar up then gracious Sir, let it appear,
That only *Cromwell*, can a *Cromwell* bear.
Duke Hamilton, and *Worc'ster* him display,
The one his head the other lost the day.
Methinks I hear how Drum and Trumpet sounds,
And see him dig his way through blood & wounds,
A Paradox to most, Peace making Warrs,
A healing sword, and reconciling jarrs
He always exercised; such skill had he
To bring us out of discord harmony.
Beyond the Line, upon the foaming Main,
He wafted o're Old *England* to New *Spain*.
To *Flaunders* then he rides. Where *Austrian John*,
Hath little left besides his Title *Don*.
Had not the Fates him hurried so soon,
The *Triple Crown* had fell, and *Turkish Moon*:
This had Eclipsed been, that brought so low,
His Holiness had su'd to kiss his Toe.
But death the Princes, and the *Peasants* fate,
Cast up his years, as lo'th to come too late,
Shee shook him, and as often as shee hit,
Shee put three Nations in an Ague fit.
Hee's gone, Hee's gone. Lament, lament my verse,
And drown thy self in tears, upon his Herse.
And after that Solemnity is done,
Direct thy feet unto his Princely Son.
That as he bears the antient *CROMWELLS* name,
Hee'l pillar up, the antient *CROMWELLS* Fame.
And though his Father, and our Father's gone,
We still shall boast, We are not left alone.
Your head, and hearts as good. Your fathers Grace
Methinks I see shine brighter, in your face.
Were we not told, that *RICHARD* was your Name,
No change had been, for *CROMWELL* is the same.
Without an *Herese* believe we all,
The souls *Traduction* *Pithagorically*.

T. M. E. C. Of Oxford. 37.